

THE
CITIZENS
COMPLAINT
For want of
TRADE,
OR
The Trades-man's OUTCRY
for lack of
MONEY.

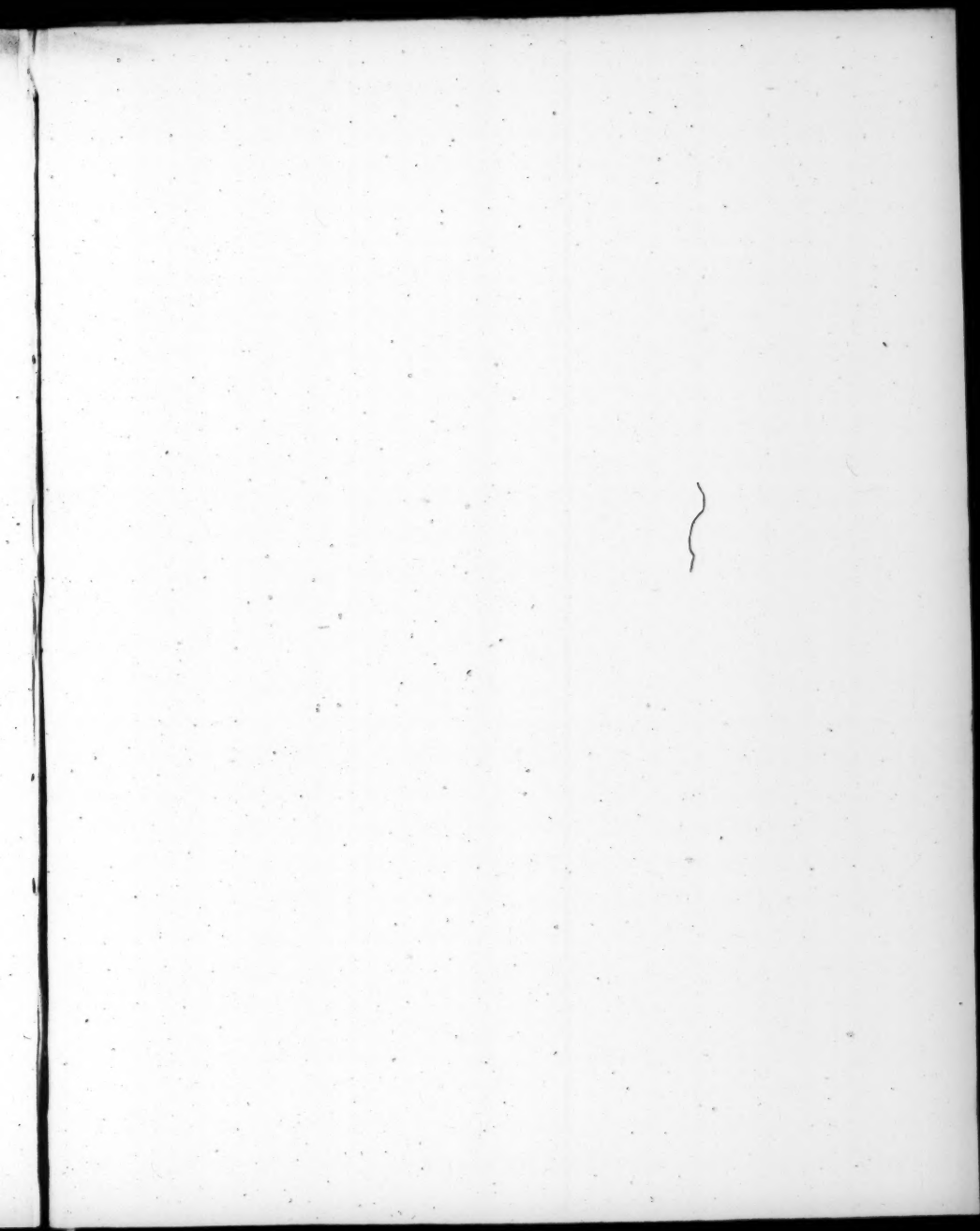
By G. M.

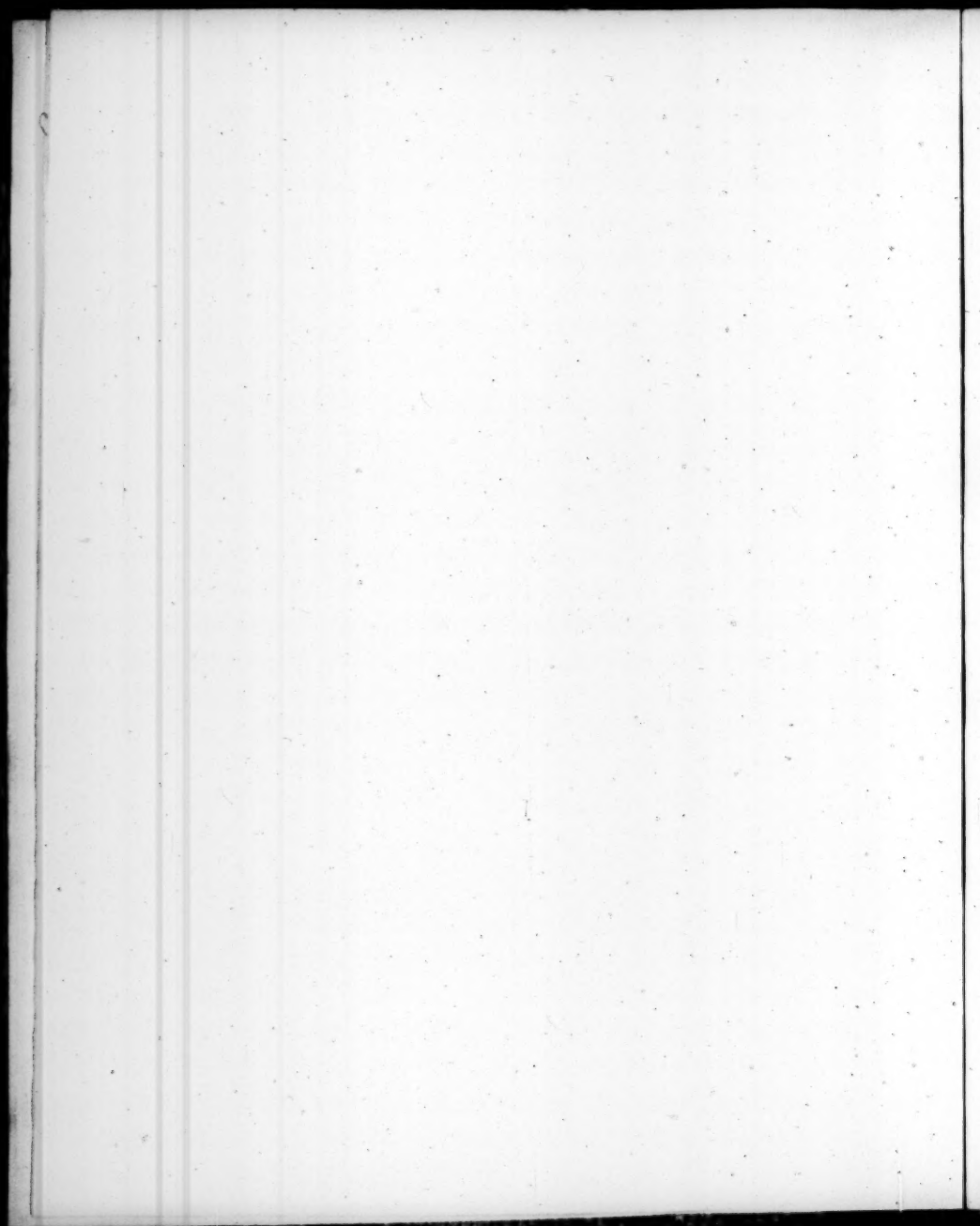
*Being the poor distressed Tradesman's Cry,
Down with all Sects; but up with Loyalty:
Making it to appear in these his Rhimes,
That 'tis bad men alone that make bad Times.*

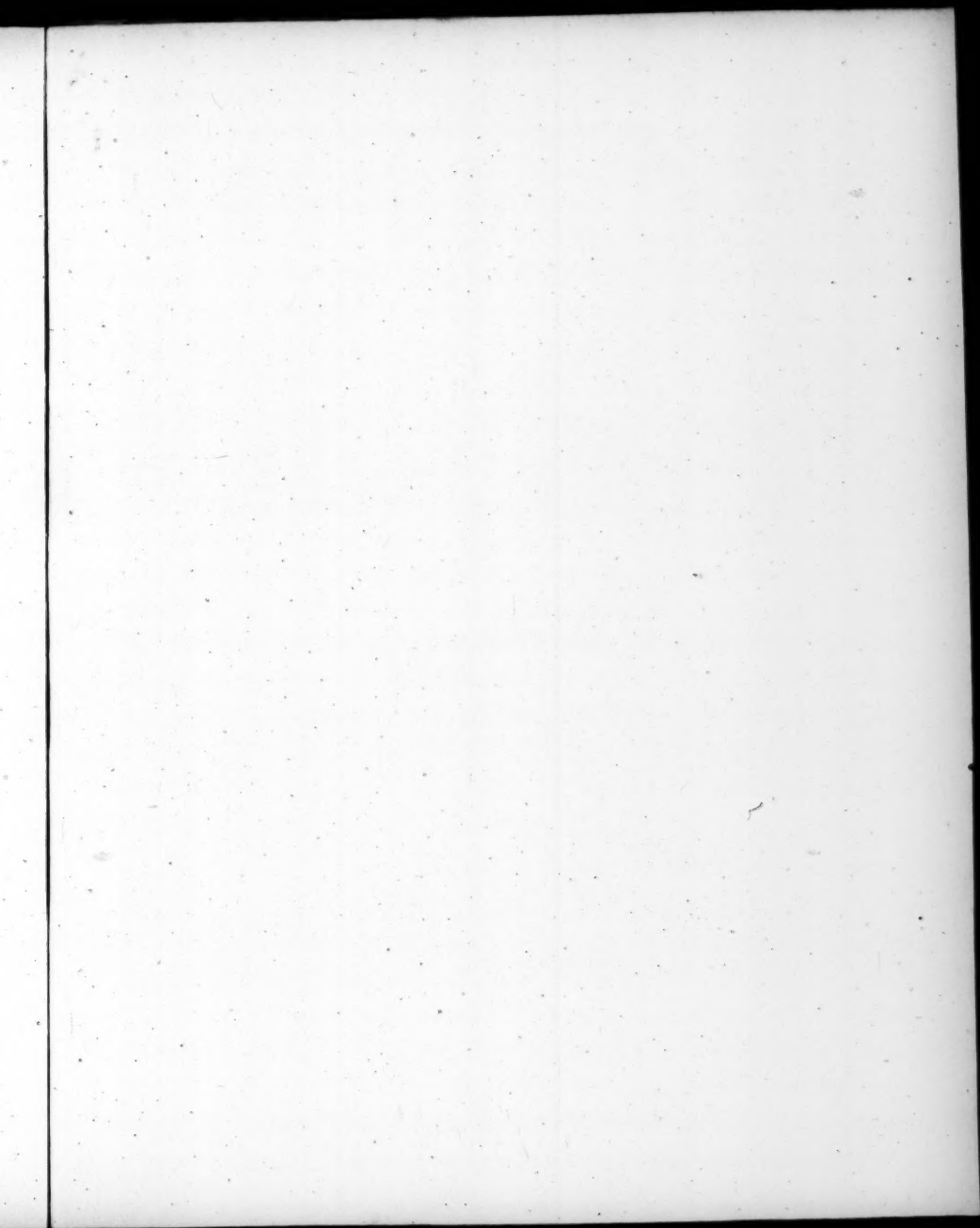
London, Printed in the Year, 1663.



Tho. Jolley Esq. F.S.A.







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The Trades in a QUOTRY
for lack of

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Printed by J. G. & Co. 10, St. Paul's Churchyard, London.

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T H E
C I T I Z E N S

Complaint for want of Trade.

Room for a Tradesman; let him tread the Stage
With these his Rhimes in this declining Age:
What though no Player; yet, I think, as free
To speak his mind as any Players be:
Room then, I say, for him who does intend
To speak of that which once, perhaps, may mend;
And that's the *Times*; for never were they worse,
As by Experience knows my empty Purse.
Trading is dead, is every mans complaint:
The Shop-keepers themselves begin to faint
For want of Trade; And as for my own part,
The want thereof doth pierce my very heart:
My Trade's my life; for what I got thereby
Would once maintain my self and family;
But now, alas, the *Times* are grown so dead,
That by my Trade I scarcely can get bread:
And more then that, my Wife, the *Times* b'ing bad,
Nothing but Rails (enough to make one mad)
My Children too for Cloaths at me do call,
And I want Money, which is worst of all:

My Alewives now begin to whet their Teeth;
 The Butcher cries, Now pay me for my Beef;
 The Baker swears; what though the Times are dead,
 He will be paid; for do you think his Bread
 Did cost him nothing; y^e faith if I be not do't,
 He knows a way whereby to force me to't:
 My Landlord too, I had almost forgot,
 Who for his Rent doth swear hee'l trust me not:
 This is my case; for Lodging, Drink, and Diet,
 I cannot rest, nor live one hour in quiet:
 I'm like a Hare, I'm forc'd to keep my bounds,
 I dare not stir for fear oth' Counter-hounds;
 For if they take me, there I'm sure to lye
 Till I am suck'd to an Anatomye:
 Oh cruel Times! thou mak'st me keep my Cell,
 I dare not stir for fear of Counter-Hell:
 Dun upon Dun about my doors do lurch,
 My Body to devour; As for the Church,
 I dare not go to; for indeed they say,
 They can Arrest me on the Sabbath day:
 Dun take 'em all; I cannot rest at night,
 The thoughts of them my body doth affright;
 Sometimes me thinks, within a Dream, I see
 Two lusty Catch-poles in pursuit of me,
 Which to avoid I make what haste I can,
 Thinking to scape those Bugbears unto man;
 But yet alas, I could not run so fast,
 But these two Hounds o'retook poor Hare at last;
 And I, with striving, out of sleep did start,
 Which finding but a Dream was glad at heart.

Thus am I plagu'd both day and night with Duns,
 Whose loud Reports affright me worse then Guns:
 One calls me Rogue; the next a drunken Sot;
 Another swears I shall itch' Counter rot;

Then

(3)

Then comes a *Ludgate* Wolf, who strait doth swear,
I ne're should stir could she but catch me there;
(Were I to chuse my Prison, it should be
Either of these, before the *Marshall* see;
God keep me thence; the Keepers may be well
Compar'd to Devils, and their Prison Hell.)
These are those Cats that daily haunt my house;
I dare not stir; but like unto a Mouse,
Am forc'd to home; (I fear e'm more then death)
And dare not peep lest they Arrest my breath;
But what am I that thus should stand in fear
Of you my Hostess for your Ale and Beer?
Go hang your selves, I value not your Threats,
I'll mak't appear you are all curst Cheats;
You Nick and Froth; besides, unto my Score
(Each time you view't) you adde a penny more;
Nay more then this, he that will run oth' trust
Oft drinks the Tappings; which is most unjust:
What is't I owe? pray tell it to my friend;
You shall be paid when as the *Times* do mend;
Had I but Money I would pay you all,
And rid my self from your accursed thrall:
In the mean while I wish you to forbear
Your Thunder-claps; oh do not curse nor swear
At me your Debtor; rather learn to pray
Your Trusting-faith may keep you till I pay;
Which when 'twill be I know not, he that can
Pay what he has not is a cunning man:
Oh curst **MONEY!** the want of thee indeed
Is the chief cause from whence my woes proceed:
MONEY! What is't? Oh rare! that very Thing
Makes some to smile, to some doth sorrow bring;
It is a Jewel (though but made of dross)
That's highly priz'd; but yet it brings a cross

Where

Where it is wanting. O that man is blest,
 In his conceit, that is but full possessor
 Of this same Coin. Can there be greater bliss,
 Then for a man each morn and night to kiss
 His lovely Bags, which are heap'd up with Gold,
 Besides whole Chests of Silver daily sold?
 'Tis some mens God, who only take delight
 To sit and count their Bags from morn till night;
 They lov't so well, they scarcely can afford
 To break one Bagge to set upon their Board
 A Meal of Meat that's fit to entertain
 A friend or two; no, no, they cry their gain
 Is very small; though oftentimes they take
 Ten in the Hunder'd; they no Conscience make
 Of what they do; I dare be bold to say,
 They'd lend the Devil, were they but sure he'd pay
 Them double Int'rest; yet I'm sure they are
 Th' Devils Brokers; though he doth forbear
 Them at the present; he'l at last lay hold
 Upon the Usurer himself and not his Gold;
 For he it is that all this while did trade
 With th' Devils stock; for which there must be made
 A Restitution, which will never be
 Until the Usurer the Devil see;
 Then must those Bonds be cancelled also,
 Which he priz'd more then soul and body too;
 For he that loves his Money more then either,
 The Devil and he deserve to live together.

Others likewise, this Jewel fain would have;
 But not content, more more they still do crave;
 Still hoarding up, but never will disburse
 Unless it be by force; and then a curse
 Sometimes doth follow; as indeed if they
 Must have all gratis, but yet never pay:

Nay more then that, one thing I most admire,
The Hireling too, from such oft wants his hire.

Others there be, that Money love so well,
That with the same they neither buy nor sell;
But hoard it up; This being still their cry,
The Times are fickle; but Disloyalty
Makes them afraid; 'tis not the *Times* that make
Poor Trades-mens hearts (for want of Trading) ake;
No, no, 'tis not the *Times*, it is bad men;
Which if but good the *Times* would mend agen:
These, these, are only Saints; but can there be
A perfect Saint that has no Charitie?
No, no; 'tis not alone the Brotherhood
Can make them Saints; they likewise must do good
Unto the Kingdom; And they'r bound by Law
To love the King; of Him to stand in awe;
Which can't be done, unless they do approve
Of His just Laws, submitting to His Love;
Were this but so, you need not then to fear
But Trade would mend, and every thing appear
In its full Lustre; Then the poor would cry,
God blesses us because of Unity.

MONEY's a Jewel; yet there's few can finde:
Within that Jewel a contented minde:
Money's a World; for many men there be
In getting it do gain Eternitie;
As he that picks a Pocket; do you think
That he would venture so, wer't not for *Chink*?
And he that steals a Horse, if once got free,
Minds not his Horse; he must converted be
Into this *Money*: Others that oft do stand
Upon the Rode, 'tis *Money* they demand:
Murder and Treason; both these grounded be
On, *So much Coin for this thy Treacherie*:

Money's

Money's the *Law*; for he that's full possesse
 Of Gold and Silver, always fares the best:
 Money's the *Judge*; 'tis that condemns them all,
You took so much, and therefore Hang you shall;
 Money's the *Gallow*; and the *Hangman* both;
 Wer't not for that, Sir *Dun*, he would be loth
 To rye them up; And had they been content
 With what they had, they need not now repent
 For what they did: This Money makes some sad,
 Others rejoyces; and some it makes quite mad;
 Money makes some rich, some it maketh poor;
 Money makes Rogues; 'Tis Money makes a Whore;
 Money makes Knaves; the reason's every plain;
They'd ne're turn Knaves. Wer't not for knawledge gain;
 Money makes men Fools, (as daily you may see);
 'Tis for the same that men Jack-Puddings be;
 Are these not Fools indeed? Nay, simple Elyes;
 That thus for Money will transform themselves
 From men to Devils, assuming any shape,
 And, like to Monkeys, at you grin and gape;
 They get their means by fooling; yet some say,
He that is Fool is wisest of the Play;
 But my weak judgment tells me 't can't be so;
 For, *Who more fool then he that makes him so*;
 Money makes a Man; Money makes a Wife;
 Money breeds content; Want it breedeth strife;
 Money is all things; what is there in this Land,
 But this thing *Money* has it at command?
 'Tis Money that I want; for *Trading* it is bad;
 'Tis for the want thereof that makes my heart so sad;
 I think, therefore, my wisest course will be,
 To seek Redress for this my povertie;
 Which how I know not; but, would *Strife* once end,
 And men turn good; the *Times*, no doubt, would mend.



